

THE Valiant Weaver :

Or, The *London Prentices* most Sad and Dreadful Complaint against the *French*, by reason they under-rate their Works: To which is added the *Shoemakers, Glovers, Taylors, and Hatmakers* Complaint.

To the Tune of, *A Fig for France and Holland too.*

You Weavers all I pray give ear,
A Story true I will declare,
Our Masters they do much repine,
Saying the *French* them undermine,
And gets their Trade away from them,
Are not our *English* silly men,
For to employ, or stand in fear,
Or be afraid of proud Monsieur.

Our Weaving Trade is grown so dead,
We scarcely can get us Bread,
Our hungry Bellies for to fill,
Because the *French* are grown so ill,
In selling their work at an under price,
Which makes the tears run from our Eyes.
*And Weavers all may curse their fates,
Because the French work under-rates.*

Have we not cause for to complain,
To serve seven years and all in vain,
Because of these false-hearted men,
I wish they were at *France* agen,
By reason our work we cannot sell,
By them we are ruin'd, 'tis known full well.
*And Weavers all may curse their fates,
Because the French work under-rates.*

Shoemakers they Monsieur may curse,
They say their Trade is grown the worse,
Glovers and Taylors, all in vain,
Against Monsieur they sore complain,

But they at last I hope may find
The *English* to them be unkind.
You Tradesmen all, &c.

The *English* them they do employ,
Their own Natives they much annoy,
I think they are then silly men,
For to concern with them agen,
Since that they know they are not friends,
But only for their self-ends.
You Tradesmen all, &c.

They that have a charge to keep,
Have nothing to do but only sleep,
Because Monsieur hath got the Trade,
They'll ruine us we are half afraid.
Come let us cast all sorrow away,
We hope to see some better days.
*I charge you all ne're stand in fear,
Nor be afraid of proud Monsieur.*

Now to conclude, I'll make an end,
Hoping all these times will mend,
In the mean time your business mind,
And to your selves be sure be kind;
And never more then curse your fates,
Then for your works keep up your rates.
*I charge you all ne're stand in fear,
Nor be afraid of proud Monsieur.*